

PS 3513
.054 P6
1915
Copy 1

POEMS ^{for}
*Those who Work
and Hope
and Love*

By Emma Eugenie Goodwin

Poems

For those who Work and
Hope and Love

by
Emma Eugenie Goodwin
11

New York
1915

TS 3513
.O54 P6
1915

Copyright, 1915, by
Emma Eugenie Goodwin

\$0.50

JAN 26 1915

© Cl. A 393413

201

TO MY BROTHERS

This I have fashioned of my thought
With heart sincere I offer you,—
You, too, have known youth's prescient instinct
O'er clouded by life's late experience,—
You, too, have seen your dream-world fade away
When grim reality's dark shadow intervened,—
You, too, have felt the race-old pang of disappointment,
And the keen edge of sorrow has cleft your quivering heart;
But the grateful joys of human kindness have touched you,
Healing many a hurt,
While the good earth has yielded beauty
And the rare zest of living,
And though each soul stands quite alone
Upon the brink of mystery, we still believe
There is one life of which we are a part,
One love supreme which we may take and give,
And in this common round of earthly days
It serves us well to work and hope and love,
For we are brothers, all.

“WHILE YE MAY”

A traveler hastened on his way
To do his task ere close of day,
The flowers that grew with perfume sweet
Were trampled 'neath his hurrying feet,
“Another time I 'll gather flowers,”
He thought, “And joy in earth's bright hours.”

Another time the traveler came,
The path no longer seemed the same,
The winter snow had fallen fast,
The flowers were dead, the summer past,
So, empty-handed on his way
The traveler fared at close of day.

THE SERVICE OPPORTUNE

Though miles on miles of timbers wait
The builder's skilful hands,
With tons on tons of steel to build
Strong bridges in all lands,
The fallen tree that haply spanned
The angry, storm-swelled stream
And bridged our way to safety—
Its value, who shall dream?

LIFE'S ALCHEMY

We bruise the flowers to win their perfume sweet,
We crush the grapes to gain the wine they hold,
Within the fiery furnace thrust the ore
To clear the worthless dross from precious gold.

Men toil in pain that patience may abide,
Search through dark grief that faith's pure light may shine,
Golgotha share—life's sacrifice supreme—
Thus to unfold their attributes divine.

NAGANYA'S GEMS

Naganya had a wondrous gem
 Blood red with heart of gold,
It granted him the gift of power,
 As now in days of old,
To buy men's homage, women's grace,
And win him wealth and fame and place.

Naganya sought his mighty gods
 Within the temple's shade,
Thrilled with the fire of sacrifice,
 Devout, he knelt and prayed,
Then in his idol's diadem
He placed the great, red, gleaming gem.

Alone beside the restless sea
 Naganya found retreat,
Of earth's rich favors his were few;
 The waters touched his feet,
When, lo! upon the wave's release
There lay the pure white pearl of peace.

THE ULTIMATE

“Ah! strange the chances that our lives befall,
That heaven keeps back, as heaven knows why,
It often keeps from mortals one and all,
The great heart-wish for which we yearn and sigh.”

Thus thought I, questioning, years ago,
The while my eager feet sped on
To reach hope's beacon flashing bright
On hills afar. The chosen height
I missed, and in its stead a wall
Of failure mocked my prayer, and all
That I had sought, most worthy deemed,
Was still denied; strife useless seemed
And yet an innate courage held
Me to the path by fate compelled
Till faith from out life's tangle wrought
These hopeful truths—the answer sought:

We miss our chosen way to higher find,
We lose our good that heaven may send its best,
Empty our hands—that when God's moment comes
We may have room to hold the things more blest.

IN HIS NAME

The church was thronged with people,
The prince of wealth was there
To give a costly service
Of silver rich and rare,
To celebrate with fit display
The Supper of Our Lord.
The great throng voiced his praises,
They lauded him indeed,
Who gave the thing he needed not
To those who did not need.

The night was bleak and dreary
When to the humble stead
A beggar came, ill-clad and cold,
To ask a crust of bread;
The woman gave of that she had,
Though low her scanty store,
And no one praised her action—
Unless the angels heed—
Who gave of her necessity
To one of greater need.

THE QUEST

A man went forth upon the way of life
And this defiance against falsehood hurled:
"Truth is, and truth the earnest soul shall find!"
Then searched the treasure-places of the world.

Through halls of science patiently he passed
To find the marvels in their endless store,
The morrow's revelations making naught
His precious gleanings of the day before.

The tomes philosophy had written large
With claims of that the minds of men desire,
Were colored by the age and circumstance,
And served to light anew hope's funeral pyre.

The wondrous garden love had planted, sweet
With blossoms fair to longing human eyes,
Was shared by faithless, selfish hearts that hid
Beneath their beauty thorns of living lies.

Religion, pointing hopeful spires to heaven,
Won the pure tribute of his prayerful thought,
To change the image of Eternal Good
He found man's feeble will had blindly wrought.

At length, aweary of the fruitless quest,
He sought his own soul's light in silence vast
Where dwelt the consciousness of God within—
And lo! the face of truth revealed at last.

GRANT ME A FRIEND

Gold from the land of Ophir,
And gems from the Orient,
The wealth for which earth's toiling ones
Their long, hard days have spent;

Fame that may seem undying,
And power that may stem fate's tide—
But grant, O God, one faithful friend,
Though I have naught beside!

EYES THAT BELIEVE IN ME

Count all beauty and all treasure
Ever gleaned from land and sea,
I shall find a richer measure
In the eyes that believe in me.

In the times of stress and sorrow,
Sick though soul and body be,
I shall life's true healing borrow
From the eyes that believe in me.

Though the world's opinion flout me,
Scorn and blame my portion be,
Clearly through the clouds about me
Look the eyes that believe in me.

Fame may come with laurels golden,
Fortune smile with bounty free,
All life's glories new or olden,
Dwell in eyes that believe in me.

Where they wait, with kindness beaming,
Pray I may not fail to see—
Their pure faith my soul redeeming—
Those dear eyes that believe in me.

BETWEEN US TWO

If you were in the cold without
Where wintry winds were blowing,
I could not bear my fireside warmth
With cheerful brightness glowing.

Had I the gifts of all the world,
Were fortune in my keeping,
They could not bring one joy if you
Sat by the wayside weeping.

If shadows fall across your way,
On mine their darkness lingers;
If discord yours, my harp of life
I press with trembling fingers.

If joy and peace abide with you,
My heart forgets its sorrow;
If blessings come for you to-day,
I, patient, wait the morrow.

THE FAITH OF LOVE

O sing with me the joy of love,
To the longing human heart,
The radiant light, the enraptured sight,
That sets us as gods apart.

And praise with me the worth of love,
In its purpose strong and true,
That assures the best of this world's behest,
In our struggling life's review.

And wait with me the hope of love,
Through the mists of earthly pain
That chill the heart in the days apart,
Till we hold our loved again.

And know with me the peace of love,
'Midst the storm of doubts and fears,
When a gentle hand, and, "I understand,"
Bring the calm that dries our tears.

Then keep with me the faith of love,
On that last relentless day,
When we bow the head o'er our dear and dead,
"For our love still lives," we say.

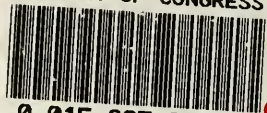
INSTINCT

Through trackless air the homing bird
Straight wings its onward flight,
Safe in its instinct of the way,
Through stress of storm or veering wind
Or gloom of falling night.

Through life's strange, devious ways we grope,
Though baffled and alone,
Sure in our soul's unswerving faith,
That somewhere in God's universe
A path leads to our own.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 897 399 6